

THE
SCHOOL-MISTRESS,
A
P O E M.
IN K
IMITATION of SPENSER.

O, quæ Sol habitabiles
Illustrat Oras, maxima Principum! HOR. *instead*



L O N D O N :

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THE
SCHOOL-MISTRESS

PART OF THE
IN
IMITATION OF THE

OF THE
LONDON



LONDON
Printed by R. D. ...
at the ...

Advertisement.

***W**HAT Particulars in SPENSER
were imagin'd most proper for the
Author's Imitation on this Occasion, are,
his Language, his Simplicity, his manner
of Description, and a peculiar Tender-
derness of Sentiment, visible throughout
his Works.*

remarkable

20
X

Advertisement

W^HAT Particulars in Spanish
were inserted most proper for the
Author's Intention on this Occasion, and
his Language, his Style, his manner
of Description, and a perfect Tender-
ness of Sentiment, of the Language
his Works.

3 DE 60

THE
SCHOOL-MISTRESS,

A
P O E M, &c.

Written at College, 1736. *omitted*

I.

AH me! full sorely is my Heart forlorn,
To think that Merit thus neglected lies! *How saddest*
While partial *Fame* doth with her Blasts adorn *truth*
Such Deeds alone, as Pride and Pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill Sort, and mischievous Emprise!
Lend me thy Trumpet, Goddess! let me try *flaring*
To found the Praise of Merit e'er it dies; *ere*
Such as I oft have chanced to espy, *up*
Lost in the dreary Shades of dull Obscurity.

II.

village mark'd with little spire
 In ev'ry Mart that stands on Britain's Isle,
in bow'd in trees and land & here
 In ev'ry Village less reveal'd to Fame,
thus dwell, in bow'd, and here affire
 Dwells there, in Cottage known about a Mile,

A Matron old, whom we School-Mistress name ;
 Who boasts unruly Brats with Birch to tame :
 They griev'd fore in *pitious durance* Durance vile y-pent,
thus rebellious Aw'd by the Pow'r of uncontrouled Dame ;
 And oft-times, on Vagaries idly bent,
 For Hair unkempt, or Task unconn'd are sorely shent.

III.

And all in sight does *the* rise a Birchen Tree,
 Which Learning near her little Dome did stow,
 Whilom a Twig of small Regard to see,
 Tho' now so wide its waving Branches flow ;
 And work the simple Vassals mickle Woe :
 For not a Wind might curl the Leaves, that blew,*
 But their Limbs shudder'd, and their Pulse beat low ;
 And as they look'd, they found their Horror grew,
 And shap'd it into Rods, and tingled at the View.

* Nam seu mobilibus vepres inborruit

Ad ventum foliis

Et corde & genibus tremit. HOR.

IV.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive,)
 A lifeless Phantom near a Garden plac'd:
 So ^{dote} ^{wait} does it little Birds of Peace bereave,
 Of Sport, of Song, of Pleasure, and Repast:
 They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast:
 Sad Servitude! such comfortless Annoy
 Ah! ne'er may Britain's Sons, ^{may so bold Britons all are} maturer, taste!
 Ne Superstition clog ^{his} their Dance of Joy,
 Ne Phantom ^{vision} empty, vain, their native Bliss destroy.

V.

Near to this Dome is found a Patch so green,
 On which the Tribe their Gambols do display:
^{and} Als at the Door impris'ning Board is seen,
 Left weakly Wights of smaller Size should stray;
 Eager, perdie, to bask in Sun-shine Day!
 The Noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
 Do Learning's little Tenement betray: *
 Where sits the Dame, disguis'd in Look profound,
 And eyes her Fairy-throng, and turns her Wheel
 around.

* — *audita voces, vagitus & ingens,*
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo. VIRG.

VI.

Her Cap, far whiter than the driven Snow,
 Emblem right meet of Decency does yield:
 Her Apron dy'd in Grain, as blue, I trow,
 As is the *Hair-bell* that adorns the Field:
 And in her Hand, for Scepter, she ^{does} wield
 Tway Birchen Sprays; with ^{anxious} pallid Fear entwined,
 With dark Distrust, and sad Repentance fill'd;
 And ^{Head full of} keen Regret, and sharp Affliction join'd,
 And ^{any} Vengeance uncontroll'd, and ^{blackest} Discipline unkind.†

VII.

Few but have ken'd, in Semblance meet pourtray'd,
 The childish Faces of old Eol's Train,
Libs, Natus, Auster; these in Frowns array'd,
 How then would fare our Earth, or Sky, or Main,
 Were the stern ^{God} Pow'r to give his Slaves the Rein?
 And were not She rebellious ^{heads} Minds to quell,
 And were not She her Statutes to maintain,
 The Cot no more, I ween, were judg'd the Cell
 Where ^{Council} lovely Peace of Mind, and decent Order dwell.

† *Fulgores nunc terreficos, sonitumque metumque
 Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras.* VIRG.

VIII.

The Gown, which o'er her Shoulders thrown she had,
 Was Ruffet-stuff, (who knows not Ruffet-stuff?)
 Great Comfort to her Mind that she was clad
 In Texture of her own, all strong and tough,
 Ne did she e'er complain, ne deem it rough;
 And, ^{soth to say} well I trow, her Pupils all around,
 Thro' pious Awe, did term it fine enough:
 For they with gaping Wonderment abound,
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest Wight on

Ground.

IX.

Albeit ne Flatt'ry did corrupt her Truth,
 Ne pompous Title did debauch her Ear:
 Goody, Good-woman, Gossip, Dame, Forsooth,
 Or N'aunt, the sole *Additions* she did hear:
 Yet *these* she challeng'd, *these* she held right dear:
 Ne wou'd esteem him act as did behove,
 Who did not honour'd Eld with these revere;
 For Title is there none so mean doth prove,
 But there is eke a Mind which doth that Title love.

X.

X.

One antient Hen she took delight to feed,
 The plodding Pattern of this busy Dame!
 Which, ever and anon, ^{impelled by} as she had need,
 Into her School, begirt with Chickens, came;
 Such Favour did her past Deportment claim:
 And if Neglect had lavish'd on the Ground
 Fragment of Bread, she ^{was collect} still did hoard the same:
 For well she knew, and quaintly cou'd expound
^{What she it were to waste the smallest}
The Chicken-feeding Pow'r of ev'ry Crumb she found.

XI.

^{5 changes added}
 In Elbow-chair, like that of *Scotish* Stem
 By the sharp Tooth of cank'ring Eld defac'd,
 In which, when he receives his Diadem,
 Our sovereign ^{Prince} Lord and liefeft Liege is plac'd,
 The Matron fate; and some with Rank she grac'd,
 The Source of Children's, and of Courtier's Pride:
 Redress'd Affronts, for vile Affronts there pass'd,
 And warn'd 'em not the Fretful to deride,
 But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

XII.

XII.

Right well she knew each Temper to descry,
 To thwart the Proud, and the Submiss to raise:
 Some with vile Copper Prize exalt on high,
 And some entice with Pittance small of Praise:
 And other ^{some} Sorts with baleful Spriggs ^{she} affrays.
 Ev'n absent She the Reins of Pow'r doth hold,
 While with quaint Arts the giddy Crowd she sways,
 Forewarn'd, if little Bird their Tricks behold,
 'Twill whisper in her Ear, and all the Scene unfold.

XIII.

Lo! now with State she utters the Command!
 Eftsoons the Urchins to their Tasks repair:
 Their Books of Stature small take they in Hand,
 Which with pellucid Horn secured are;
 To save from Finger wet the Letters fair:
 The Work so quaint that on their Backs is seen,
 St. George's high Atchievements does declare:
 On which thilk Wight that has y-gazing been,
 Kens the forth-coming Rod, unpleasing Sight, I ween.

XIV.

1. Hangar

XIV.

*O ruthless Scene! when from a Nook obscure
His little Sister ^{doth} does his Perils see:

All playful as she late, she grows demure,

She finds, with his, her wonted Spirits flee;

She meditates a Prayer to set him free:

Nor gentle Pardon cou'd ^{this} the Dame deny

(If gentle Pardon cou'd with Dames agree)

To her sad Grief, ^{that} which swells in either Eye,

And wrings her so, that all for Pity she cou'd die.

XV.

^{No} Nor longer ^{can} cou'd she now her Shrieks command,

Which soon disclos'd the Place of her Retire:

^{To reach forth} And forth she rush'd, and with presumptuous Hand

Arrests the Rod; so Friendship does inspire!

^{she} On me, she ^{cries} cries, on ^{she} me convert your Ire:

^{al! to remove from the chamber} Him spare, for He no greater Crime did know,

^{the way to his chamber: one eye weal} Than fond Compliance with my vain Desire —

^{And soon a flood of} Whimpering she sighs, the Tears begin to flow,

And give a Loose at last to unavailing Wee.

— tum vero exterritus, amens,

Conclamat Nisus: nec se celare tenebris

*Amplius, aut tantum potuit perferre dolorem.

Me, me, adsum, qui feci, in me convertite ferrum;

O! Rutuli, mea fraus omnis: nihil isto, nec ausus,

Nec potuit, cælum hoc & conscia sidera testor,

Tantum infelicem nimium dilexit amicum.

VIRG.

XVI.

But ah! what Pen his ^{hiten} woeful Plight can trace,
 Or what Device his loud Laments explain!
 The Form uncouth of his disguised Face!
 The pallid Hue that dyes his Looks amain!
 (The plenteous Show'r that does his Cheek distain!
 When he in abject wise implores the Dame,
 Ne hopeth ought of sweet Reprieve to gain;
 Or when from high she levels well her Aim,
 And thro' the Thatch his Cries each falling Stroke

proclaim:

XVII.

The other Tribe, aghast, with sore Dismay,
 Attend, and conn their Tasks with mickle Care;
 By turns, astony'd, ev'rich Twig survey,
 And from their Fellow's uncouth Wounds beware;
 Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share;
 'Till Fear has taught ^{hem} 'em a Performance meet,
 And to the well-known Chest the Dame repair,
 Whence oft with sugar'd Cates she doth ^{hem} them greet,
 And Gingerbread y-rare, now, certes, doubly sweet.

XIX.

XVIII.

See! to their Seats ^{the} all hie with merry Glee,
 And in besecmly Order sitten there!
 All, but the Wight of Bum y-galled, he
 Abhors ^{sett} both Bench, and Stool, and Fourm, and Chair.
 (This Hand in Mouth y-fix'd, that rends his Hair:)
 And eke with Snubs profound, and heaving Breast,
 Convulsions intermitting! does declare
 His grievous Wrong, his Dame's unjust Behest,
 And scorns her proffer'd Love, and shuns to be ca-
 refs'd.

XIX.

His Face besprent with liquid Crystal shines,
 His blooming Face, that seems a purple Flow'r;
 Which low to Earth its drooping Head declines,
 There smeard, and sully'd by a ^{summer} Summer's Show'r;
 The piteous Slave of ^{his} Eolus's Pow'r!
 All, all but He, the Author of it's Shame,
 All, all but He, regret it's ^{his} ruthless Stour:
 Yet hence the Youth, and hence the Flow'r shall
 If so I deem aright, transcending Worth and Fame,

• *Purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratra
 Languescit moriens, lassove papavera collo
 Demisere caput, pluvia cum forte gravantur.*
 † Stour, Assault.

VIRG.

XX.

Behind some Door in melancholy Thought,
 Mindless of Food, he, dreary Caitiff, pines;
 Ne for his Fellow's Joyaunce careth ought,
 But to the Winds all Merriment resigns;
 And deems it Shame if he to Peace inclines:
 And many a fullen Look askaunce is sent,
 Which for his Dame's Annoyance he designs:
 And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
 The more doth he, perverse, her Haviour past resent.

XXI.

Ah me! how much I fear lest *Pride* it be!
 But if that *Pride* it *be*, which thus inspires,
 Beware, ye Dames, with nice Discernment see
 Ye quench not too the Sparks of nobler Fires!
 Ah! better far than all the Muse's Lyres,
^{all} Than Coward Art, is Valour's gen'rous Heat;
 The firm, fix'd Breast, which *fit* and *right* requires,
 Like *Vernon's* Patriot Soul, more ^{justly} nobly great
 Than *Craft*, that pimps for Ill, or flow'ry false *Deceit*.

XXII.

XXII.

Soft sleep *Her* Dust of her deserving Shade,
 Whose early Care, *A* — *le*, attempter'd thee;
 And knew what *Mind* must give his *Britons* Aid;
 And knew what *Breast*, preserve a Nation free;
 Thankless, to her no Statues to decree;
 So long as Parties in thy Praise unite,
 So long as Muses in thy Fame agree,
 Soft sleep her Dust; her Soul has took its Flight
 Whicher the Souls do fly of those that act aright.

XXIII.

^{happ'd with child}
 Yet sprung from *Birch*, what *dazling* Fruits appear!
 *Ev'n new sagacious *Forefot* points to shew
 A little Bench of heedless Bishops here,
 And there a Chancellor in Embryo;
 Or Bard, fulltime, if Bard may e'er be so,
 As *Milton*, *Shakespeare*; Names that ne'er shall die!
 Thot now he crawl all on the Ground so low,
 Nor wecting how the *Muse* thou'd soar on high,
 Wishes, poor starv'ling Elf this *Paper-Kite* may fly.

XXX

—— *convulle virenti*
Inclusas animas superumgue ad lumen ituras
Lustrabat.

VIRG.

XXIV.

And some there be, (ah, Pity some there be!)
 Brimful of Jest, and Merriment, and Play,
 Each one as brisk, as promising, to see,
 As he shall note that seeks a Summer's Day,
 Yet must in *Wisdom's* Mazes lose their Way!
 Despising Books (ah, who wou'd Books despise!)
 'Till Folly lead them countless Leagues astray:
 And many a one, mature, all heedless tries
 To leapa fix-barr'd Gate, and tumbles down, and dies.

XXV.

See a each spirit some various bent appear
 But see, the Hour of Pleasaunce draweth near,
These words are most incoadite lay
 And forth they usher debonnaire and gay,
These words are
 And, standing on the Green, with jocund Leer,
 Salute the Stranger passing on his Way:
 Some builden fragile Tenements of Clay:
 Some to the standing Lake their Courses bend,
 With Pebbles smooth at *Duck and Drake* to play;
 Think to the Huxter's fav'ry Cottage tend,
 In Pastry Kings and Queens th' allotted Mite to spend.

B

XXVI.

XXVI.

Here, as each Season yields a different Store,
 Each Season's Stores in order ranged been;
 Apples, with Cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
 Galling full sore th'unmoney'd Wight, are seen;
 And Goose-b'rie clad in Liv'ry red and green;
 And here, of lovely Dye, the Cath'rine Pear,
 Fine Pear! as lovely for thy Juice, I ween;
 O may no Wight e'er pennyless come there,
 Lest smit with ardent Love he pine with hopeless
 Care!

XXVII.

See Cherries here, e'er Cherries yet abound,
 With Thread for white in ^{tempting bodies} luscious Bundles ty'd,
 Scatt'ring, like blooming Maid, their Glances round,
 *With pamper'd Looks draw little Eyes aside!
 These must be bought, tho' Penury betide:
 The Plumb all azure, and the Nut all brown,
 The purple Grape, and here those Cakes are spy'd
 Whose honour'd Name, th' inventive City own,
 Rend'ring thro' Britain's Isle Salopia's Praises known†.

ingentes oculo retorto.
Speſat acervos.

† Shrewsbury-Cakes.

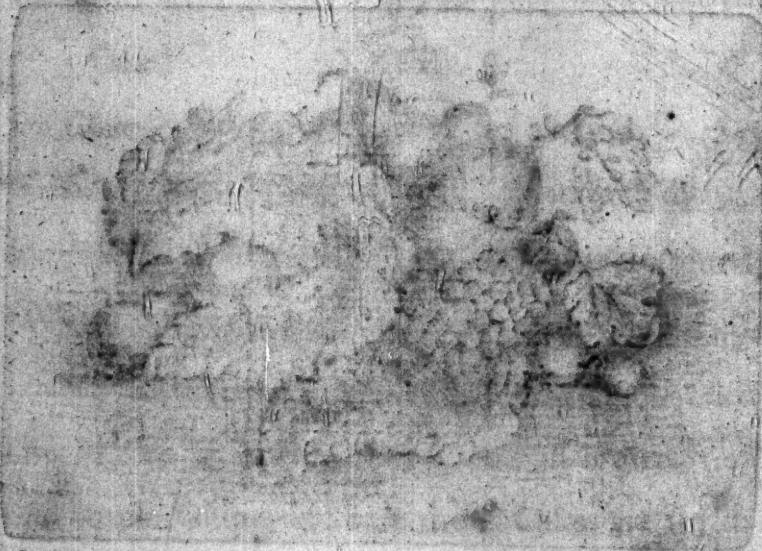
XXVIII.

Admir'd *Salopia* ! that with *venial* Pride
 Views her ^{*Eyes bright*} fair Form in ^{*Ambient*} *Severn's* lucid Wave ;
 Fam'd for a Race of Sons in ^{*her loyal cares & pen*} Battle try'd,
 Their Minds as loyal, as ^{*her's angustion lovely, and her's drooping*} their Breasts were brave ;
 Ah, midst the rest, may ^{*flown adorn*} Flowrets grace *his* Grave,
 Whose Art did first these dulcet Cates display ;
 A Motive fair to *Learning's* Imps he gave,
 Who cheerless o'er her darkling Region stray,
 Till Reason's Morn arise, and light them on their Way.



XXVIII.

A child's Salve, that with every friend
 Vouchsafes his form in Nature's hand Wound
 Pours forth a Race of Sons in Battle-try'd
 Their Minds as loyal, as their Breasts were brave;
 As mild the rest, may Flowers grace his Grave,
 While All his due due due display
 A Mother sent to Learning's holy way
 Who cherishes or her darling's Name
 Till Reason's Moments, and Light upon their Way



I N D E X.

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

Stanza 1.

The Subject propos'd.

ft. 2.

A Circumstance in the Situation of the Mansion of early Discipline, discovering the surprizing Influence of the Connection of Ideas.

ft. 3.

A Simile; introducing a Deprecation of the joyless Effects of Bigotry, and Superstition.

ft. 4.

Some Peculiarities indicative of a Country School, with a short Sketch of the Sovereign presiding over it.

ft. 5.

Some Account of her Night-Cap, Apron, and a tremendous Description of her Birchen Scepter.

ft. 6.

A Parallel Instance of the Advantages of legal Government, with regard to Children and the Wind.

ft. 7.

Her Gown.

ft. 8.

Her Titles, and punctilious Nicety in the Ceremonious Assertion of them.

ft. 9.

A

I N D E X.

A Digression concerning her Hen's presumptuous Behaviour, with a Circumstance tending to give the cautious Reader a more accurate Idea of the officious Diligence and Oeconomy of an Old Woman. ft. 10.

A view of this rural Potentate as seated in her Chair of State, conferring Honours, distributing Bounties, and dispersing Proclamations. ft. 11.

Her Policies. ft. 12.

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A surprizing Picture of sisterly Affection, by way of Epifode. ft. 14. 15.

A short List of the Methods now in use, to avoid a Whipping—which nevertheless follows. ft. 16.

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A Hint of great Importance. ft. 21.

The Piety of the Poet, in relation to that School-Dame's Memory who had the first Formation of a certain Patriot. ft. 22.

The

I N D E X.

*The secret Connection betwixt Whipping, and Rising
in the World, with a View as it were through a
Perspective of the same little Folk in the highest
Posts and Reputations.* ft. 23.

*An Account of the Nature of an Embryo-Fox-
Hunter.* ft. 24. *upst*

*A Deviation to an Huxter's Shop; ft. 26.
which being continued for the Space of two Stan-
zas, gives the Author an Opportunity of paying
his Compliments to a particular County, which he
gladly seizes : concluding his Piece with respectful
Mention of the Antient and Loyal City of Shrews-
bury.*



I N D E X

The latest Connection between Whipping and Killing
in the World, and a View of the same from a
different Point of the same Side in the highest
Facts and Relations. N. 23.

An Account of the Masters of an Embury-Fox-
Hunt. N. 24.

A Description to an Hunter's Shop;
which being continued for the space of two Stan-
ces gives the Author an Opportunity of having
his Comments to a particular Country, which he
gladly takes: concluding his Piece with respectful
Mentions of the Author and Royal City of London.
N. 25.

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